The ſtony girthes of Cities: me thy puple,
Yongeſt follower of thy Drom, inſtruct this day
With military skill, that to thy lawde
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,
Be ſtil'd the Lord o'th day, give me great Mars
Some token of thy pleaſure.

Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of Armor, with a ſhort Thunder as the burſt of a Battaile, whereupon they all riſe and bow to the Altar.

O Great Corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider
Of duſtie, and old tytles, that healſt with blood
The earth when it is ſicke, and curſt the world
O'th pluriſie of people; I doe take
Thy ſignes auſpiciouſly, and in thy name
To my deſigne; march boldly, let us goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obſervance.

Pal. Our ſtars muſt gliſter with new fire, or be
To daie extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddeſſe of it grant, ſhe gives
Victory too, then blend your ſpirits with mine,
You, whoſe free nobleneſſe doe make my cauſe
Your perſonall hazard; to the goddeſſe *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*
Haile Soveraigne Queene of ſecrets, who haſt power
To call the feirceſt Tyrant from his rage;
And weepe unto a Girle; that ha'ſt the might
Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Marſis* Drom
And turne th'allarme to whiſpers, that canſt make
A Criple floriſh with his Crutch, and cure him
Before *Apollo*; that may'ſt force the King
To be his ſubjects vaſſaile, and induce
Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour
Whoſe youth like wanton Boyes through Bonfyres
Have skipt thy flame, at ſeaventy, thou canſt catch
And make him to the ſcorne of his hoarſe throate

Abuſe

Abuſe yong laies of love; what godlike power
Haſt thou not power upon? To *Phœbus* thou
Add'ſt flames, hotter then his the heavenly fyres
Did ſcortch his mortall Son, thine him; the huntreſſe
All moyſt and cold, ſome ſay began to throw
Her Bow away, and ſigh: take to thy grace
Me thy vowd Souldier, who doe beare thy yoke
As t'wer a wreath of Roſes, yet is heavier
Then Lead it ſelfe, ſtings more than Nettles;
I have never beene foule mouthd againſt thy law,
Nev'r reveald ſecret, for I knew none; would not
Had I kend all that were; I never practiſed
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libells reade
Of liberall wits: I never at great feaſtes
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have bluſh'd
At ſimpring Sirs that did: I have beene harſh
To large Confeſſors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eightie winters, this I told them, who
A Laſſe of foureteene brided; twas thy power
To put life into duſt, the aged Crampe
Had ſcrew'd his ſquare foote round,
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing Convulſions from his globie eyes,
Had almoſt drawne their ſpheeres, that what was life
In him ſeem'd torture: this Anatomie
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy, and I
Beleev'd it was his, for ſhe ſwore it was,
And who would not beleeve her? briefe I am
To thoſe that prate and have done; no Companion
To thoſe that boaſt and have not; a defyer
To thoſe that would and cannot; a Rejoycer,
Yea him I doe not love, that tells cloſe offices
The fowleſt way, nor names concealements in
The boldeſt language, ſuch a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made ſigh
Truer then I. O then moſt ſoft ſweet goddeſſe